

1964, release of the GTA Daily Radio Roundup, St. Paul, Minn. This focuses attention on the practice of the Commodity Credit Corporation of dumping Government grain, which has resulted in disastrous economic hardship to the American farmer.

This release deals with wheat, but the practice that is under attack in this article has also been employed in the feed grain commodities. This has driven the price of feed grains down and has done much to stimulate the glut in livestock production. As a result, many farmers have been driven to the wall in competing with the biggest farm market monopoly in the world, the Government of the United States.

This article which I insert hits the nail right on the head, and I compliment GTA for its willingness to bring to the attention of the American farmer these policies which are detrimental to his best interests.

The article follows:

GTA has a primary responsibility only to the farm people who own it. That comes first. This primary responsibility is not to the Government, not to the buyers of grain, not to the consumers, the politicians or anybody else—just to the farmers. And we feel now that an explanation is owed to the grain farmers for the miserably low wheat prices that were bid to them generally during harvest this year.

These wheat prices could have been about 20 cents per bushel higher, and there is a very simple explanation why they were not.

Beginning in July the U.S. Government, through its Commodity Credit Corporation, began the most massive dumping operation in history. The CCC was originally formed to help farmers, not to put a ceiling on their prices. But here is what actually happened and unfortunately continues to happen.

During the first month of the 1964 harvest the huge Government corporation dumped 50 million bushels of wheat with the expressed and vocal intention of preventing farmers from getting higher prices for their wheat.

CCC sold this wheat to buyers who otherwise would have been ready customers for your wheat from your cooperatives and other handlers. But you didn't sell this wheat; the Government did. Incredibly, during the harvest period of approximately 90 days more than 150 million bushels of Government wheat was dumped on the market. Buyers got some of the most unbelievable bargains in history because the CCC wheat flooded the market and put a low ceiling on farm wheat prices.

This is immensely disturbing. GTA has looked into the history of Government operations all over the world, and we have found no precedent for this behavior. No other country does it. GTA General Manager M. W. Thatcher had this to say about it:

"CCC price support activities when conducted to help farm producers have no stronger advocate than GTA. But," Mr. Thatcher said, "we oppose CCC's misuse of the farm program."

GTA's grain experts estimate that without this CCC dumping during this harvest wheat would have gone on the market about 20 cents a bushel higher than it actually sold for. Twenty cents a bushel on a crop of 1,200 million bushels is \$240 million. That is what was taken out of the wheat producers' pocket by the dumping action by CCC.

We are sorry to have to expose this behavior. We do not believe that the President of the United States, or the Vice President, or the Congress had any intention that the farm law would be administered in this

manner. We believe that these decisions were made by a small handful of persons, perhaps very inexperienced, in charge of CCC who were determined to use its power to punish those farmers whom they refer to as noncompliers.

We also believe that the purpose of the present wheat legislation is very clear, and it is that those who comply with the program receive certificates worth on the average about 50 cents a bushel. That is their payment for complying. Punitive action by the Government to hurt them, as well as the noncompliers, was never intended by Congress. The punishing ceiling that CCC operations impose on wheat prices in the markets, a deliberate thing that punishes all growers without reason, is plainly obnoxious.

Moreover, the dumping operation that we described did not actually rid the Government of one single bushel of surplus. And why not? Because by dumping 150 million bushels CCC drove market prices so low that farmers were sealed within a narrow price range and had no choice but to put their new grain under loan. The Government just took the grain right back into its warehouses. It took different kernels, true, but ultimately as much or more grain than was dumped came back into CCC's bins. It need not have been thus if enough price leeway had been allowed so producers could sell instead of going in to the loan program. That wheat might have been sold through your farmer cooperatives and regular market channels instead of to the Government which ultimately will probably dump it again and keep the vicious circle going.

If this is the policy of the Federal Government, then there never will be any "muscle in the marketplace" for farmers. Instead, in time there will not be any cooperative marketing system at all. It is that serious and that dangerous to producers.

That is why we at GTA believe that we would be derelict in our duty to farmers if we did not call this maladministration to the attention of the voters.

And that, we should add, is in concurrence with resolutions adopted by GTA delegates at their recent annual meeting and expressed in resolutions by other regional cooperatives, just like GTA, of which there are more than two dozen in the Nation.

If the Government continues this process of nationalization, it should openly advocate it. Then the voters would have a chance to make a decision.

J. Edgar Hoover Commended by City of Lakewood Resolution

EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

HON. CRAIG HOSMER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, January 7, 1965

Mr. HOSMER. Mr. Speaker, the city of Lakewood which, incidentally, recently was awarded first honors in the 1965 Pasadena Rose Tournament, by action of its city council on December 22, last, has commended the fine work of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. The council's Resolution 1575 reads as follows:

RESOLUTION 1575

Resolution of the City Council of the City of Lakewood commanding J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation

Whereas, J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation have recently been

under attack for alleged dereliction of duty; and

Whereas, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, under the direction of J. Edgar Hoover, has an exemplary record in efficient and just police work; and

Whereas, by reason of the successful operation of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, law enforcement in each city, county and State is benefited and strengthened; and

Whereas, said J. Edgar Hoover and the men in his Bureau should be commended for their contribution to maintenance of law and order in the United States, rather than being condemned: Now, therefore, the City Council of the City of Lakewood does hereby command J. Edgar Hoover and the men of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for their successful and unshirking performance of duty in the maintenance of law and order in the United States.

The city clerk is directed to forward certified copies of this resolution to the President of the United States, to our Congressman and Senators as well as to said J. Edgar Hoover.

Adopted and approved this 22d day of December 1964.

ROBERT W. BAKER,
Mayor.

Attest:

JO BENNITT,
City Clerk.

Autumn in Full Glory

EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

HON. LINDLEY BECKWORTH

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, January 7, 1965

Mr. BECKWORTH. Mr. Speaker, I desire to include in the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD the enclosed article entitled "Autumn in Full Glory" by Woodroe Wylie, Carthage, Tex., Route 1.

The article follows:

AUTUMN IN FULL GLORY

(By Woodroe Wylie)

Ever since I was a boy, I have wanted to write a discourse on autumn. The changes and scenes that take place are most spectacular. Everywhere one looks or listens there are distinct admissions or omissions of multivarious events.

On November 5, 1929, at Carthage Tex., a flock of wild geese became lost at night in low clouds and blinding lights. The bewildered geese honked all night long. Some people were amused at their musical sounds while others were annoyed because the geese kept them awake. The flight of the geese is timed with the falling of the leaves.

The most glorious show that nature has to display is the changing colors of the leaves in October and November. Perhaps the most beautiful colors are pink, yellow, burgundy, orange, and red. For those who have a poet's soul, their eyes can feast upon the beauteous glory until their starved souls are content.

In the valley of the many colored leaves, a mazy, meandering stream flows toward the rivulet. Its progress comes almost to a standstill when it brushes against some clogged leaves and brush. But then it bursts forth with its freedom, and it seems to make musical laughter in its progress. Here, before in the lustrum of spring when beauty reigned supreme, the songbirds would gather in this hallowed grove to take a bath in the stream, consequently displaying their winsome plumage. The ones that sang the loudest laid claim to that strip of domain.

Nearby is a variety of trees—blackgum, sweetgum, maple, hickory, and others—that are dotted upward to the top of the hill slope. It is perhaps here that God's creation of beauty is at its best, for each species of tree and every leaf seems to be vying for splendor's prizes. Amid the glory of the beautiful trees is a unique one. It is the pine tree, and it knows no changing season, for its foliage is green the year round. The winds pierce the giant pine trees' needles, and most beautiful musical sounds issue forth. A million produce music, but none is too audible nor any out of key. The soft, mournful sounds summarize the events of a lifetime.

Over the flood of years, methinks that I can see a little bright, blue-eyed boy, in a shy, concealed way, grab his long-visored cap, gather up some sacks, and set forth for autumn's rich fruits. He encounters a strange, frightening bird called the screech owl. This unique bird has a mysterious talented voice; in the black hours of night he haunts people who have departed from the straight and narrow way. Some guilty, superstitious ones will get up and turn over an old shoe. Now barefooted and on tiptoe, the boy reaches the desired woodlands, scales the persimmon tree, and feasts upon the rich, luscious fruit. Then he fills his sacks with chinquapins, walnuts, and hickory nuts. He looks about him and sees the squirrels gathering nuts and taking them up large trees to deposit them in hidden holes for winter food. Their thoughts are so much like his own.

Then falls the cruel, telling frost. Each leaf seems to cling to its accustomed place tenaciously, but volleys of wind smite it again and again, and like a human gasping for his last earthly breath, at last it gives way to eternity. The fallen leaves scurry over one another like little children playing leapfrog. Then at last the leaves come to rest, and I lament that in all their beauteous glory they must, like common earth, rot. The gayer hours of life were ours; the worst is mine.

With the passing of the leaves go many songbirds, which were heavenly sweet and earthly present. Then the ones left are deleted of their gay songs. Their pleasures seem to have terminated during the flight of their earthly companions of the air and the falling of the leaves. Even the persistent musical voice of the pretty bluejay is no longer heard, "Ching, chang, ching." The multitude of mockingbirds has departed and taken their multivarious songs with them. The most abundant birds left are the crows and blackbirds which, at their best, only produce a cacophony of sounds.

The wise old owl perches himself on the top spray of the loftiest tree in the forest. He has seen many seasons come and go, and from his vantage point he appears to be taking inventory. Beyond the woods, out in the open meadows, a wilderness of wild flowers in their gay sisterhood was mutilated by Jack Frost's wintry breath. Upon surveying the scene in the woodlands, the owl still has left with him hawks, doves, quail, larks, redbirds, snowbirds, sparrows, robins, killdees, and the four-footed animals: wolf, coon, skunk, mink, squirrel, opossum, and hare. The owl mops the brow of his sad countenance and seems to say, "The birds have taken a leave of absence and will return with the arrival of spring. The flowers and the leaves will appear in the resurrection next May."

When death comes to a bird, it usually is preceded by a brief illness. Birds do not feel any responsibility for whatever happens to them after death. Their plight is not so complex as the departure of us humans.

Another Dienbienphu?

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. WILLIAM L. SPRINGER

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, January 7, 1965

Mr. SPRINGER. Mr. Speaker, I attach herewith another article by Joseph Alsop entitled, "Another Dienbienphu?" Mr. Alsop has been on the scene in Saigon and, apparently, understands better than any other correspondent the situation there. He has been giving forthright reports in simple language about South Vietnam.

The article follows:

MATTER OF FACT—ANOTHER DIENBIENPHU?

(By Joseph Alsop)

Everyone in Washington is hard at work worrying about the political situation in Vietnam. They should also begin worrying about the military situation which is the prime cause of the recurrent political difficulty.

Just 11 years ago, this reporter left Saigon to fly halfway around the world for an earlier family Christmas. Doing exactly the same thing this time, with exactly the same cold dread of disaster-soon-to-come lying clammy on one's stomach, was not an agreeable experience.

Yet facts must be faced, however disagreeable they may be. And the central fact that now needs facing is the grim similarity of the present military situation in South Vietnam to the Vietnamese military situation at the end of 1953, on the very eve of Dienbienphu.

By December, 1953, the Communists had managed to stretch the defense to the utmost, leaving the French high command with almost no reserves in hand. This year, once again, the defenders' resources are badly overstretched. The central reserve amounts to hardly a division and a half; and a good part of this slender reserve is actually pinned down in the Saigon area, because of the strength of the Communist underground in the city.

In December 1953, the Communists also had large reserves outside the war zone, in the form of the newly trained division in China whose commitment in Vietnam then caused the French disaster at Dienbienphu. This year, once again, the Communist reserves outside the war zone are extremely important, theoretically comprising the entire North Vietnamese Army. And units of this reserve have almost certainly begun to be infiltrated southward, over the Ho Chi Minh trail.

This startling fact must be deduced from recent captures of very young North Vietnamese draftees in South Vietnam. No general in his senses would send youthful conscript soldiers to serve as hard-core cadres in guerrilla fighting. Hence it is as certain as anything can be that the draftees were sent to the southern front with their battalions.

The appearance of organized units of the North Vietnamese army in the southern fighting is a new and startling fact, which might well divert the State Department's wrath from Gen. Nguyen Khanh to Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap. To be sure, this movement southward is not large by normal standards. It cannot as yet amount to more than a couple of battalions a month.

But the war in South Vietnam is fought province by province. In province after province, the balance of the fighting is already close. And in too many provinces, a local catastrophe can too easily result from the injection of no more than one or two additional main force enemy battalions.

In Quang Nai, for example, the anti-Communist forces have already been pushed back so far that the enemy controls just about the entire province, except for the main town and two or three other strong points. In main force battalions, moreover, the balance in Quang is probably already about 7 to 5 in favor of the Communists.

Obviously, therefore, there is grave risk in Quang Nai of some such local catastrophe as the capture of the provincial capital and destruction or capture of all the defense forces by a Communist surprise attack. This is not the only province, either, where risks are being run. In Darlac, to name another, the odds are now better than even on a second Communist-inspired rising of the Rhade tribespeople.

Logically, of course, a mere local catastrophe in Quang Nai or some other province ought not to achieve decisive results for the Communists. This kind of logic is very popular, nowadays, with the U.S. staff officers in Saigon. They seem to forget that it was also quite illogical for France to be decisively defeated at Dienbienphu, which was a very small scale fight by normal standards.

The Vietnamese people have been at war for too many years, with no end in sight. On their resistance, as on the French, a mere local catastrophe can all too easily produce decisive effects. The raw materials for another Dienbienphu are plainly present.

To be sure, there is one vast, potentially saving difference between 1954 and 1953. This is not just Vietnam's war. It is also our war; and the United States has gigantic uncommitted reserves. But unless we soon begin to bring American power to bear in deadly earnest, we must get ready for the greatest American defeat in the history of the United States.

That is what now looms ahead, as a clear possibility if not a probability. And using Laotian pilots, in training planes converted into bombers, to attack the Ho Chi Minh trail cannot be described as bringing American power to bear in deadly earnest.

Chains Open Fire on Family Farms

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. ANCHER NELSEN

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, January 7, 1965

Mr. NELSEN. Mr. Speaker, the questions farmers are increasingly asking, no matter what farm organization they belong to, are brought out in an article, "Chains Open Fire on Family Farms," by Gene Cervi of the Rocky Mountain Journal.

This alarming article was brought to my attention by Mrs. Kenneth Tellers, of Cologne, Minn., and I hope that my colleagues will give it their careful consideration as the National Commission on Food Marketing gets down to business in Washington this week.

The article follows:

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correct determination to terminate these political payoffs.

We look forward to the "slugfest" for the simple reason that commonsense, common decency, and fiscal integrity dictate an end to the misuse of Federal funds, both of the tax dollars you are paying today and the heavier Federal debt with which the future of our country is being mortgaged.

We maintain that these programs are local responsibilities and can be solved locally, as Indianapolis has demonstrated. We maintain that under any circumstance they are not being administered fairly, but are being used to bribe the electorate, to subsidize political employees, to penalize the cities and counties that exercise their own fiscal responsibility, to benefit the relatively well off, and to make the poor poorer. They cannot be justified morally, nor can they be justified economically or defended ethically. It's time we made an end to them.

J. M. H.

sition. There were deplorable police excesses in Vietnam, but there is no sign that they were desired or condoned by Diem any more than police excesses in Alabama are condoned or desired by Washington.

There was, for a long time, a clear double standard in Vietnam, in which accusations against Diem gained, in most cases, giant headlines, but attempted refutations received only perfunctory notice. For instance, last summer Thich Duc Nghiep, the Xa Loi pagoda spokesman, told reporters dramatically that 365 persons in a Saigon suburb had been arrested "because they were Buddhists." That figure was headlined throughout the world. But when I went to the suburb in question, I found that a routine check was being made of a neighborhood through which the Vietcong often infiltrated. I stayed for 2 hours to talk with those rounded up as they emerged from the police compound after questioning. I talked to 20 persons—ancestor worshipers, Catholics, Confucianists, Taoists, Caodaists, etc.—before I finally found a genuine Buddhist among those picked up. So the charge of "365 persons arrested because of being Buddhists" was invention.

There is no doubt that the overwhelming majority of the American press corps in Saigon thought—out of the most idealistic and patriotic motives—that they were serving a good cause in arousing world opinion against Diem. Whether his strengths and faults were greater or less than those of his junta successors remains to be seen.

It is certain that under the military junta, Vietnamese have been jailed for far less than was necessary to send a person to prison under Diem. Said a European observer: "Under Diem, a Vietnamese had to do something specific against the regime to get into trouble. Under the military junta, a Vietnamese can be jailed without charge, simply under the suspicion that he was loyal to the Diem regime when it was the legally constituted authority."

Sanche de Gramont, of the New York Herald Tribune, has estimated the number of arbitrary arrests right after the coup as around 500. So far, Mr. de Gramont and this reporter are the only ones who have written with any detail about the junta's reversion to some of the police state tactics the Saigon press corps so bitterly criticized in Diem.

Nowadays, some of the most ardent anti-Diem writers, such as David Halberstam, Saigon correspondent of the New York Times, acknowledge that the Buddhist agitation of last summer and fall was politically motivated. In an admiring magazine article written by his close friend George J. W. Goodman, Mr. Halberstam is quoted as saying: "I always said it. The Buddhist campaign was political. * * * I thought I always emphasized that this was a political dispute under a religious banner—the only place an opposition had found to gather in an authoritarian regime. * * *

Whatever Mr. Halberstam's intentions, his and other press dispatches last summer and fall did create the impression in the outside world that some kind of religious crisis was going on inside Vietnam. And it was the image of religious persecution—false as it was—that paved the way for Diem's downfall. Without the embarrassment of being the patron of a country suspected of battling Buddhists, it is doubtful that the United States would ever have reached the decision to try to get rid of Diem. The authorities in Washington knew, of course, that the conflict in Vietnam was political, not religious. But they were reluctant to speak out lest, in the process, they attract to Washington some of the onus being poured—with hardly any contradiction—on Diem.

By staying silent, Washington acted as if it thought Diem guilty. And this helped to complete the vicious circle.

Or as Roger Hillsman, Assistant Secretary

of State for Far Eastern Affairs, put it: "After the closing of the pagodas on August 21, the facts became irrelevant." So, evidently, did a sense of perspective. What, for example, about the fact that President Diem was far more lenient to his political opposition than President Sukarno of Indonesia or Premier Sarit Thanarat of Thailand, both recipients of American aid? Whereas some 300 political prisoners, at most, were found in Diem's jails, the prisons of Thailand, Indonesia and Burma were filled—and are still filled—with tens of thousands of political victims.

"But," explained a pro-coup State Department officer, "the world spotlight is not on those countries, and it is on Vietnam."

At the State Department, there have been some attempts to rationalize the coup d'état by describing it as necessary to save the Vietnamese war effort from going to pieces. One difficulty with this argument is that it makes liars out of Secretary of Defense McNamara, Chief of Staff Maxwell D. Taylor and Gen. Paul Harkins, who testified under oath to Congress in October that the war was making reasonable progress. If the State Department ever took seriously the argument that the disturbances in the cities would affect morale in the countryside, it betrays a regrettable lack of understanding of the structure of Vietnam and of the gap between the countryside, where the war will be won or lost, and the cities, where less than 10 percent of the Vietnamese live.

For the Buddhists, intellectuals and students who marched the streets in anti-Diem demonstrations could not have cared less about the war—before the coup, or after the coup. Vietnamese students in particular tell you quite frankly that one reason they prize admission to a university is that it enables them to avoid the draft. Vietnam's intellectuals have narrow horizons, are excessively inward turning, and make constant and factional criticism their specialty. Except for a handful of terribly militant leaders, Buddhist monks are rather passive. If the success or failure of the war were to depend on these groups, Vietnam would have been lost from the start. As to the effects in the countryside of the critical clamoring by Vietnam's spoiled young intellectuals in the cities, it was virtually nil. The American attitude seemed to be that if a Vietnamese student demonstrates, virtue is on his side and the government is wrong. But in the countryside there were many peasants and plain soldiers who disapproved of the defiance of the regime—in those rare places where anyone knew anything whatsoever of what went on beyond the next village.

If there was any slowdown in the war in September and October of 1963, it was because the Vietnamese generals—under American prodding—were concentrating on thoughts of a coup d'état, while Diem and Nhu, out of fear of America, were concentrating on how to prevent a coup.

It was not until after the coup d'état that the Vietnamese war took a decidedly downward turn. The military junta with its uncertain leadership, after purges of key (and scarce) officials, finally plunged much of the countryside into the confusion from which it purportedly was trying to save Vietnam.

No wonder the Vietcong took advantage of the situation to seize the military initiative for the first time in many months. No wonder that, in the 2 months after the coup d'état, the military junta lost more real estate, lives, and weapons to the Vietcong than at any previous time in the war.

It was precisely out of fear of such predictable consequences of trying to change regimes in midwar that Secretary of Defense McNamara and Central Intelligence Director John McCone opposed a coup d'état. But they were overruled by the pro-coup d'état faction led by Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Under Secretary of State Averell Har-

riman, and Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Roger Hillsman.

The Diem-must-go decision came shortly after the temporary closing of about a dozen (out of 4,000) pagodas on August 21, which outraged Washington. Diem said that his only aim was to get the Buddhist leaders out of politics and back to religion. The Vietnamese leader insisted that unless he shut down the propaganda machinery of the pagodas and put a halt to the glorification of suicide by burning, public disorder in the cities would mount and world misunderstanding would deepen. Washington disagreed. Further, it felt that Diem had not only humiliated it and flouted its advice, but had broken a promise to be conciliatory. Washington's anger was heightened by horrendous stories of alleged killings and brutalities during the pagoda raids. (There were no such killings, as the monks themselves later said.)

In any case, on August 24, the State Department sent out word—without the knowledge of Secretary McNamara or of CIA Director John McCone— instructing Ambassador Lodge to "unleash" the Vietnamese generals with a view to toppling the Diem government if they could. Plotting among educated Vietnamese, including the generals, is a kind of national pastime, as chess is to the Russians. Until lately it had been a pretty harmless pastime, because everybody knew that real action was dependent on an American green light—and until August such a green light had been withheld.

But on Sunday, August 25, Washington publicly gave the generals a green light in a Voice of America broadcast that virtually called on the Vietnamese military to take over. At the same time, Ambassador Lodge asked the CIA to poll the Vietnamese generals and see when and if they were ready to translate revolt talk into action.

Diem's shock at the Voice of America broadcast and the CIA poll of the Vietnamese generals can only be imagined by turning the tables around. Suppose the United States were engaged in a war against the Communists in which we depended almost totally on aid from Vietnam; suppose, in the middle of that war, Vietnam issued a broadcast calling for the American Joint Chiefs of Staff to overthrow the American Government.

The miracle is that the Diem regime survived as long as it did the virtual declaration of political war served on it that August by Washington.

What, after many months of hesitation, finally decided the generals (in mid-October) to stage the coup? In separate interviews with this correspondent, members of the military junta spoke of these factors:

1. The late President Kennedy called, at a press conference, for "changes of policy and maybe personnel" in Vietnam.

2. Washington announced the withdrawal of 1,000 American soldiers by the end of 1963, and possible total withdrawal by 1965. (Said one general: "That convinced us that unless we got rid of Diem, you would abandon us.")

3. The economic aid was cut. Many generals agreed that this cut was psychologically the most decisive goad to a coup d'état. "It convinced us," a key plotter explained, "that the United States was serious this time about getting rid of Diem. In any case, this was a war we wanted to win. The United States furnished us with the jeeps, the bullets, the very guns that made the war possible. In cutting economic aid, the United States was forcing us to choose between your country's help in the war and Diem. So we chose the United States."

Ironically, President Diem did make some important concessions to the United States in September and October. For example, in mid-September President Diem agreed to every point put forward by the United

States in a program to reform and consolidate the strategic hamlet program in the Mekong delta. Many Americans had long felt that this program had been overextended. At last President Diem agreed with the diagnosis and decided to do something about it. Why was this move toward the American position never publicized? One Western diplomat put it this way: "Ambassador Lodge and his deputy, William Truehart, were so determined to get rid of Diem that they were opposed to putting him in a conciliatory light. They were afraid this would strengthen the hands of those in Washington against a coup d'état."

Even at the 11th hour, Ambassador Lodge could, of course, have turned off the revolt if he had chosen to give the slightest sign that the New Frontier and President Diem were even beginning to move to heal their rent. As one member of the military junta put it: "We would never have dared to act if we had not been sure that the United States was giving us its moral support."

In the last hours before his death, President Diem was stripped of any doubt whatsoever of Washington's hostility. Telephoning the American Embassy from the palace at 4:30 p.m. on November 1, after the bombardment had started, President Diem asked Ambassador Lodge: "What is Washington's attitude toward this?" Lodge replied: "I don't know Washington's attitude. After all, it is 4:30 in the morning there."

"But you must have some idea," Diem said.

Whereupon Lodge turned the conversation to the matter of Diem's safety, offering him an airplane to take him out of the country. Could anything have indicated more clearly that in American eyes the success of the coup d'état was a fait accompli?

The only certain thing about the murder of President Diem and Counselor Nhu is that they were shot in the back (Diem in the neck, Nhu in the right side) with their hands tied behind them. Nhu also had a dagger or bayonet wound in the chest, which was apparently indecisive.

These facts were established beyond all doubt by this reporter through photographs and through talks with military eyewitnesses, attendants at St. Paul's Hospital (where the bodies were first taken) and from information given by two relatives, a niece and nephew who handled the preparations for the burial.

In the light of the way Diem and Nhu died, there is a strong possibility that the shootings were ordered by some or all members of the military junta. Would a junior officer take such a responsibility on himself?

Now for the Buddhist leaders who started it all: have they got what they wanted? I use the word "leaders" advisedly, for of the Buddhists in Vietnam, who form about 30 percent of the population of 14 million people, the overwhelming majority are largely non-political. Buddhist monks tend to be somewhat passive. They would never have dreamed of resorting to violent demonstrations had they not been subjected to the skillful and inflammatory propaganda that poured from the humming mimeograph machines of the Xa Loi pagoda. By the end of last summer, the original grievances of the Buddhist leaders in Hué—matters of property rights, flag flying, etc.—had largely been met by the Diem regime.

In the midst of the anti-Diem ferment I wrote an article asking: "What do the Buddhists want? They want Diem's head, not on a silver platter, but wrapped in an American flag."

You have to hand it to the Buddhist leaders that they got what they wanted. But will this satisfy the more militant Buddhist leaders? It is heady stuff, even for Buddhists, to have the attention of the entire world focused on you, and to exercise the kind of political power than can topple governments. Will, for instance, the venerable Thich Tri

Quang, the mastermind of the Buddhist campaign and by far the most intelligent and militant of all, be satisfied to take a political back seat?

Thich Tri Quang is a Buddhist leader from Hué who was granted asylum at the American Embassy even though his past is in some controversy. According to records of the French Colonial Office, he had twice been arrested during the postwar French occupation of Indochina for dealings with Ho Chi Minh. By his own admission, he was a member of the Vietminh Communist Liberation Front. He claims to have fallen out with the Communists later. Again according to the French, who still have representatives at Hanoi, Thich Tri Quang's brother is currently working for Ho Chi Minh in the Communist Vietnam's Ministry of the Interior. The duties of Thich Tri Quang's brother are the direction of subversion in South Vietnam.

None of this, of course, proves anything about Thich Tri Quang's current attitude toward the Communist Vietcong. What does seem clear is that he learned a lot from the Communists about organization and propaganda. He ran his emergency headquarters at the Xa Loi pagoda like a company command post. Orders were barked out, directing a demonstration here, a protest meeting there. Messengers scurried in and out, carrying banners with their newly painted slogans. Respectful monks brought in the latest anti-Diem propaganda blast for Thich Tri Quang to review word by word.

In my discussion with Thich Tri Quang, I was somewhat taken aback at his indifference about the war against the Communists. When I asked whether the occasional outburst of turmoil might not offer the Vietcong the opportunity to infiltrate among the demonstrators, Thich Tri Quang shrugged his shoulders and said: "It is possible that the current disorders could lead to Communist gains. But if this happens it will be Diem's fault, not ours."

In the same interview in the Xa Loi pagoda, Thich Tri Quang told me that his preferred solution for Vietnam was neutralism, adding: "We cannot get an arrangement with the north until we get rid of Diem and Nhu."

The Vietcong are suspected of having led several of the attacks against property on November 1, the day of the coup d'état. For instance, a small but violent gang of young people attacked and demolished the newly opened headquarters in Saigon of the Asian Anti-Communist League. This league had no connection, financial or otherwise, with Diem. Yet the coup-day rioters systematically removed its anti-Communist literature onto the streets, burned it, then wrecked the headquarters.

Whether the new military junta's government by committee can do any better than Diem and Nhu remains in doubt. The junta is ripe for further coups and countercoups. In any case, it was not because he enjoyed being condemned by world public opinion that President Diem engaged in repressive measures (mild as they were by Asian standards). The new government will be faced by similar problems, because the fundamental situation has not changed. For example, the change of government has not altered the tendency of Vietnam citified intellectuals to take to the streets.

Within 2 weeks after the coup d'état, 10,000 students at Hué demonstrated noisily against the military junta because it had not dismissed several professors who had been loyal to Diem. This is but one example of pressure by mob. Can the military junta long tolerate decisions enforced by street mobs, or justice by demand of the newly freed and utterly irresponsible Vietnamese press? Three Saigon newspapers have closed—and rightly—already. The smut and sheer mendacity of the postcoup "free press"

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of Vietnam is one of the blackest marks of recent months in the annals of Vietnam's so-called intellectuals. In view of the indiscipline, factionalism and irresponsibility of certified Vietnamese, can the military junta long escape resorting to the same tight rein held by President Diem?

The only sure thing in Vietnam today is that the United States has set an extremely controversial precedent by encouraging, for the first time in our history, the overthrow in time of war of a duly elected government fighting loyally against the common Communist enemy.

**In Memoriam: John Fitzgerald Kennedy,
President of the United States**

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. JOHN D. DINGELL

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, January 7, 1964

Mr. DINGELL. Mr. Speaker, under unanimous consent, I insert into the Appendix of the RECORD a memorial tribute to our late President read to the Wayne County (Mich.) Board of Supervisors on November 26, 1963, by one of its members, Dr. Broadus N. Butler. Dr. Butler, a distinguished citizen of Detroit, is assistant to the dean of the Wayne State University College of Liberal Arts:

**IN MEMORIAM: JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES**

(By Supervisor Broadus N. Butler)

At the height of the first ray of hope for a new national climate of brotherhood, democracy, and opportunity in this tragedy ridden 20th century comes the assassination of the one President of the United States who has symbolized not only for America, but for the world, the ideal of executive leadership toward the full recognition of human dignity.

This has been a century in which the respect of person and human dignity has been trampled unto death and degradation in some dramatic way in each generation. This century has seen three major international wars take millions of lives, untold numbers of smaller wars add up to more millions. It has seen genocide in the extermination of 3 million Jews in Germany, the rise of communism and massacres in Asia, the assassination of Mohandas Gandhi in India, apartheid and the killing of thousands of black Africans, particularly in Angola and South Africa. It has suffered killings, riots, and more than 50 bombings of churches and schools—killings of men, women, and children—in the United States. The past decade of this century has seen this violence go unmitigated and unpunished in our own Nation. It has watched the overthrow, by violence of government after government throughout the world.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy tried in less than 3 years to write a chapter of human dignity and equality of opportunity for all into our national life. He tried to see and move optimistically toward a new climate of brotherhood and hope at least in our own land, if not throughout the world.

We must now face finally and ultimately the stark fact that is no joke that fanatical forces of the right and the left have tried and are still trying to write an obituary for this great, overgrown and, they think, dying Nation. One hundred years ago, Abraham Lincoln told this to the 19th century Americans in the Emancipation Proclamation and in the Gettysburg Address. He tried to set

this Nation in the direction of freedom and respect for person, and they killed Mr. Lincoln.

In this centennial year of the Emancipation Proclamation and the Gettysburg Address—98 years after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln—the ablest and most dedicated spokesman for those ideals in the 20th century was suddenly shot from the same kind of darkened crevices of hate.

They killed President Kennedy. The same hands; the same forces. The same harbingers of hate, greed, tyranny, avarice and arrogance demonstrated again and beyond a doubt that they will still stop at nothing to prove that the American creed of democracy and brotherhood is not viable—that America will die before she will be free. And, like Mr. Kennedy, she will die unless we acknowledge this shocking reality. We must finally know that the extreme right would rather see the Nation dead than see one Negro free; the extreme left would rather kill the Nation than see one American free. That was the essence of the meaning of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. That was the essence of the failure to implement the original Declaration of Independence. That is now the essence of the meaning of the death of President Kennedy.

The President is not dead; the presidency lives. But the only President since Abraham Lincoln who devoted so much of his executive resources and moral suasion to give real meaning to civil rights, equal opportunity, and human freedom is dead. No, we say in disbelief. It cannot be. But, it is.

In our time, there is one and only one significant difference between America and Germany, Italy, Japan, and the other countries that died of their own involvement in violence. America and America's creed of freedom revived and saved them. America retrieved them with men, the ideology of freedom, and with all the moral power and economic resources that it takes to recover a dead society from itself and infuse it with a new vision of life and hope—a new freedom from its own ashes. Now, it is America. Can America save America? Will God? Will Americans? This time it is we, ourselves. What will we do now?

Goodby, dear Mr. President. May your soul and your memory—your ultimate sacrifice—save a people and a nation so great as ours that cannot otherwise save itself from its own domestic violence. Will those who could not learn from the deaths of Christ, of Lincoln, of Gandhi now see that the shot of hate that pierced John F. Kennedy, was aimed to kill Thee.

Americans, be of good judgment and firm dedication to complete his unfinished task. In the transition from John Fitzgerald Kennedy to Lyndon Baines Johnson there is one great comfort for our saddened Nation. The Presidency moves from strength, courage and moral integrity to continued strength, courage and moral integrity in the quest for democracy, for domestic brotherhood, and for international peace.

Our hearts go out to the President's family and especially to Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy who has suffered the double personal tragedy of the loss of a son and a husband in so short compass.

May the wisdom of our departed President rest upon and give strength to our new President, Lyndon B. Johnson. May his soul and purpose pervade the whole American citizenry across the land to remove the hate and bigotry which besets us. May the people of America now see the light and learn the truth that his martyrdom beams forth so clearly to us. Cannot we hark the painful miracles of this year? Cannot we heed the words of our great and departed exemplar who implored us to "Ask not what your country can do for you. Ask what you can do for your country."

Jesus Christ said, in effect, "If you will love God, you must love one another." Every re-

cent martyr has echoed, "If you will love one another, you must love me." Let every American learn to love—to respect the person and dignity of—one another.

(Read to the Wayne County Board of Supervisors, Tuesday, November 26, 1963.)

George Fisher

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. JOHN A. BLATNIK

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Tuesday, January 7, 1964

Mr. BLATNIK. Mr. Speaker, I wish to take this opportunity to pay well-deserved public tribute to a man of unusual gifts and inexhaustible energy, a man whose memorable contributions to all of northeastern Minnesota stand as a monument to his life's work, my dear friend and dean of journalists on the Mesabi Iron Range, Mr. George Fisher.

Celebrating his golden anniversary of journalism, 47 years of which were spent with the Hibbing Daily Tribune, George Fisher announced his retirement on January 1, 1964. Throughout these many years of devoted service to the public interest George Fisher has truly been the voice, conscience, and spirit of all the good people in the Iron Range area. His retirement—surely well-earned and deserving—brings to his many friends and admirers feelings of sadness mixed with pride over his achievements and gratitude for his contributions.

In true journalistic tradition George Fisher started at the bottom of the ladder as a young reporter, working himself up to be city editor, managing editor, and finally executive editor. Not content to achieve excellence as a journalist, he has taken the lead in many local matters of public interest, spearheaded numerous civic projects, and been active in many organizations. His untiring efforts have on three occasions won him the honor of being named Hibbing's outstanding citizen.

Mr. Speaker, the eloquent and warmly sincere editorial in the December 26, 1963, edition of my hometown newspaper, the Free Press of Chisholm, Minn., sums up the thoughts and emotions of all of us in northeastern Minnesota on the occasion of the retirement of "Mr. Hibbing," our beloved George Fisher. I commend to all the moving story of this remarkable man:

GEORGE FISHER'S TREASURES

Perhaps no other profession in the world is so studded with joys, pin-pricked with sorrows and jeweled with rewards of personal satisfaction as is that of journalism.

Those who follow in the footsteps of the fourth estate watch each day's events blaze on the horizon, die in the ashes of forgetfulness and torn newspapers, and then watch them kindled into new flames as dawns another day and the rising sun shoots new directives.

THEY FEEL THE HEARTBEAT

The efforts of the vast working corps often remain unsung. These men and women ask, nor demand recognition. Their fruits of

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their endeavors are spelled out in the accuracy of their stories, details and authenticity of their research to educate a strong and healthy nation. In times of joy, they fade into the darkness and observe with an inner satisfaction the happiness of a surging, forward democracy of humanity. They feel the anguish of war, the tragedy of assassinations, the pain and death of accidents; the desolation of destruction and violence, the heartbeat of the new-born babe; the pride and accomplishment of a college diploma; the hope of the downtrodden; the hunger and cold of the poor; the pulse of mankind's yearning for peace.

An integral part of all of this fascination for more than half a century has been the dean of journalism on the Iron Range, the indomitable, persevering, dedicated George Fisher. Journalism is a field that knows neither night nor day. Compensations and remunerations are not measured in terms of money. The reporter's "Beat", known to the man on the street as an assignment, becomes like a drug. The events and happenings of little towns, big cities, thriving, teeming states, a young democracy, and powerful nations race through the bloodstream. Once the smell of ink, the hum of the typewriter and linotype, the roll of the presses, and the pressure of deadlines get into your blood, there is no turning back. One just keeps on driving, working, racing, writing. This, Mr. Fisher has done with a dignity and respectability that marks the great men in journalism.

EDITIONS ARE MEMORIALS

This man's greatest memorial tribute are the editions of the Hibbing Daily Tribune, ageless, yellowed and preserved for the past 46 years. His chronicles, anecdotes and editorials magnify the heartbeat of the Iron Range. And as he gathered the material for his many stories and columns, he sowed the seeds of friendship which have blossomed into a magnificent symbol of the kind of wealth that money cannot buy. Because he was fair, firm, determined, kind and just, Mr. Fisher earned for himself a following that encircles his beloved Iron Range, his grief-stricken United States, and his embracing world.

A BIGGER MAN

Though the formal records will show that Mr. Fisher is retiring from his position of executive editor as of January 1, 1964, his

colleagues and friends know way down deep that the ring of the telephone, the clang of the siren, the hum of the typewriter will quicken his pulse, and an unexplainable "something" known as a reporter's ninth sense will start racing through his veins.

The years have been kind and good, spiced with humor, rare joys, and some very bitter sorrows. All have made Mr. Fisher a bigger, more tolerant, and understanding reporter and American citizen. His journalistic contributions, his civic accomplishments, his reservoir of friendships are treasures he can always cherish.

We, your colleagues, are proud of you, Mr. Fisher, and in sincere tribute, thank you for a "job well done."

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It shall be lawful for the Public Printer to print and deliver upon the order of any Senator, Representative, or Delegate, extracts from the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD, the person ordering the same paying the cost thereof (U.S. Code, title 44, sec. 185, p. 1942).

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Resolutions for printing extra copies, when presented to either House, shall be referred immediately to the Committee on House Administration of the House of Representatives or the Committee on Rules and Administration of the Senate, who, in making their report, shall give the probable cost of the proposed printing upon the estimate of the Public Printer, and no extra copies shall be printed before such committee has reported (U.S. Code, title 44, sec. 133, p. 1937).

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